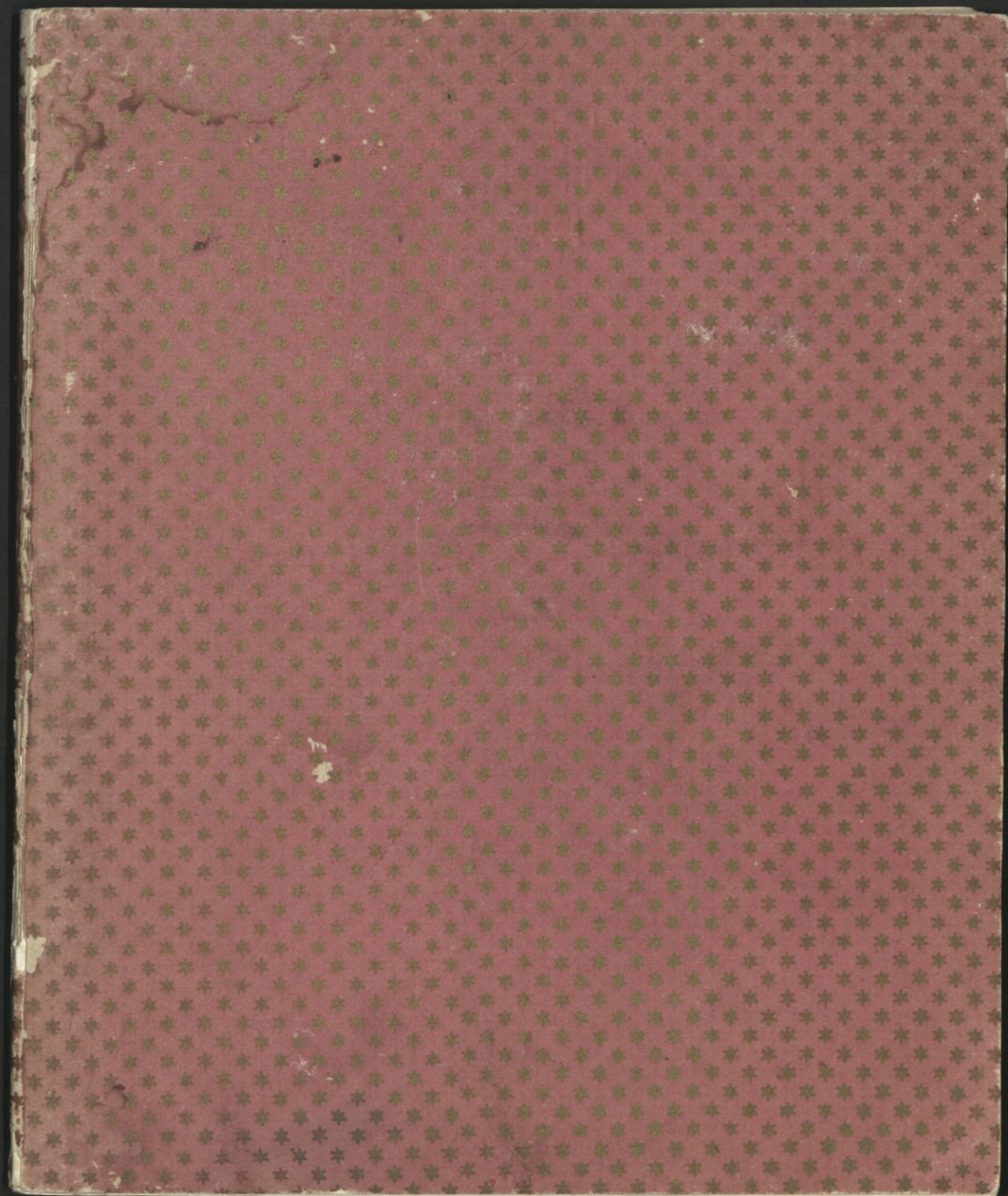




10+

No. 3110

Fredith J. Derrick.
Nantucket.



The Nautilus and Ammonite.

*The nautilus and ammonite,
Here launched in friendly strife,
Each sent, to float in its tiny boat,
O'er the wide, wild sea of life.*

*And there was a bliss more fair than this,
Which good taste in our colder climes;
For they were safe in a tropic life,
In a brighter and better clime.*

*For each could swim on the ocean beam,
And when wearied, its sail could fur,
And sink to sleep in the great sea-deep,
In its palace all of pearl.*

*They swam mid isles, whose summer smiles
Were dimmed by no alloy,
Whose groves were palms, whose air was balm,
And life, - and only joy.*

They sailed all day, through creek and bay,
And traversed the ocean deep;
And at night, they sank on a coral bank,
And its fairy, bowers to sleep.

And the monsters vast, of ages past,
They beheld in their ocean caves;
They saw them rid in their power and pride,
And sink in their deep sea graves.

And hand in hand, from strand to strand,
They sailed in mirth and glee,
Those fairy shells, ^{with} their crystal cells,
Twin sisters of the sea.

And they swam at last to a sea long past,
But as they reached its shore,
The Mighty's breath spoke out in death,
And the ammonite lived no more.

So the nautilus, now in its shelly prison,
Above the deep it stays,
Still seems to seek in bay and creek,
Its companion of other days.

And alike do we, on life's stormy sea,
As we grand front show to show,
Thus temptest test, seek the loved and lost,
But find them on earth no more.

Yet we hope, how sweet again to meet,
As we look to a distant strand,
Where heart meets heart, and no more they part,
Who meet in that better land.

1853.

December.

I have December in my heart,
And piercing winds blow cold and keen—
They rustle and the robes apart
In which my spring-time hope was seen.

With frosty hand I strive to wind
The scattered things around my frame—
And some broad oak to get behind,
Thus wake my love-fire's dying flame.

In my bright greenwood I behold
The once loved trees all stripped and bare,
And, shivering, I endure the cold,
Leafless, like them, in my despair.

The hills, which once I loved to climb,
In buoyant toil, with hope in view,
Have lost the spirit's summer time,
And wear a drear, unwelcome hue.

My soul's with fields of ripening grain,
That promised golden harvests all,
She blighted with untimely rain,
And scorching droughts, and sun-brown gall.

The siloed stream that flowed along
In joy's bright day a flashing tide,
Is frozen! and the boatman's song
Is hushed - my ear is laid aside.

The trees where once I gathered fruit
Quake with the pain of frost-bitten limbs,
And sitting at the sapless root,
She living snow my sight betimes.

How fall Life's storms upon my way!
How pass Life's years from birth till death!
The Spring is Autumn in my day,
And Summer brings me Winter's breath.

It is December! and erewhile
My sorrowing years shall all be past!
My dying Hope and Sorrow's isle,
Asks, "Shall December always last?"

The winds sweep by, nor heed my woe—
The frost, makes crystals of my tears—
While all around, the drifting snow
In trackless plains my grave appears.

Yet comes there, 'midst the old year's toll,
In one faint gleam of Hope's pure ray,
The answer, "No! Endure, O Soul!
December shall be turned to May!"

1854

The Language of the "Blind."

Sept. 1854.

Oh, what is this life? 'Tis a visionary dream;
From its tower the sleeper would gladly wake;
Yet the fetters which bind him to earth, tho' they seem
So feeble, so fragile, he dares not to break.

1854.
Oh, what is this life? 'Tis a burdensome load,
That heavier grows as the journey wears on;
More gloomy the prospect, and sougher the road,
Uncharmed by companions and hopes that are gone.

Oh, what is this life? 'Tis a turbulent stream,
Whose dark-belling billows are never at rest;
Those cold surges, lapped by the sun's golden beam,
So rarely, are diving, no more, its breast.

Oh, what is this life? 'Tis a vapor, a breath,
That quickly will vanish, - the dream will be past,
The burden will fall at the bidding of death,
The angry stream hush its commotion at last.

And such is this life! Oh, then let it haste;
There'll be quiet repose when the tumult shall cease,
Tho' few the cases in this dreary waste,
A voice gently says - "There's a vision of peace."

Lines written after a sermon delivered by
Rev. Wm. H. Foster of Newburyport, from the words, "And
there was no more sea."

The shadows lengthen on the land,
And o'er the eastern waters fall;
Sinks in the mist the King of Day;
Rangs o'er the earth a sable pall.

But on the sea the clouds arise,
And wafted gently on the shore
The rain-drops fall; the earth refreshed
Adds to the humble tiller's store.

Upon the highlands falls the rain,
The clouds in maddened fury pour;
The lightnings flash from cloud to cloud,
And deafening is the thunder's roar.

The little rill, a mighty stream,
Flows through the fruitful valley's bowels
Before it suits, behind it marts,
Such is the dreadful torrent's power.

Up from the sea, those clouds arise,
And darken'd all the landscape die;
There is to come a heavenly home,
In which the sea shall be no more.

The merchant goes upon the wave,
To add by Commerce to his store,
But for this add in heavenly home
The rolling sea shall be no more.

Deep in the sea's unpathed cave,
Ten thousands of our race are lain,
The good all there, with those debas'd,
And brave men in the battle slain.

The mother clasps her dear loved babe,
The father by his boy is cold;
Dead foes are silent, side by side,
The miser hugs his creak of gold.

The man of God then takes his rest
With him whose soul he sought to save,
Each nation and each clime has sent
Its children to enrich the wave.

But in the Canaan of our hopes,
Far, far beyond this earthly shore,
The deep sea, as a buying place,
Will be well known, 'twill be no more.

Mythology is the deep, and who
Shall tell the wonders hidden there?
The monster in its caves and graves
Which never to the light appear?

The gold and avarice of wealth,
And varied riches out its place?
But we shall know as we are known
When the deep sea shall be no more.

Far in mid ocean goes a ship;
A thing of life it walks the wave,
All unperceived a man falls off,
No helping hand is stretched to save.

Unnoticed is his feeble cry,
The wind sweeps billows o'er his head,
And in the deep his body'll lie,
Until the sea gives up its dead.

Upon

And

But

But

With

Of

Full

What

Upon the sea of life I sail,
And shipwrecked, lost should be
But for the life boat Jesus gives,
But for the hand he offers me.

With him a guide, I have no fear
Of tempests or of Ocean's road,
Full sure I soon shall be at peace
When the deep sea shall be no more.

Sept. 1st 1856.

Hymn.

May. 1857.

Kind be the words we breathe today,
Around the grave of those we love;
Kind be the thoughts we lead away
Of loved ones here & loved above.

Ashes to ashes we commit, —
Their path to earth, their dust to dust;
God's call, their spirits, summoned home,
And with their Saviour, may they rest.

Joyous the hope we cherish still,
Altho' their forms we see no more,
That there shall be a union yet
Upon the heavenly Canaan's shore.

Dear brother! sister! fare ye well!
Untimble, quick, be your rest;
But memory ye shall hold a place,
The memory cherished of the best.

My friends! I
Have long
Now all spirit
Has ceased

To Christ, the
To others to
Presidents, and
When at last

'Tis lucky for
For whom
They have
And grasp

But Christ, the
Before me
But then
So it dawn

And now
When I

Epidemiological.

My friends! "Woman's rights" in the old "Bay State",
Have brought a new wonder to light,
Now all epidemics, caused by debate,
Are cured altogether by sight.

To Critics these plagues are mostly confined,
To others they seldom come right.
Presidents are sometimes touched of the kind
When attempting to magnify.

'Tis lucky for them, their titling expand,
For when they find themselves, aching
They have naught to do but stretch out the hand
And grasp the cure which is waiting.

But Critics - they have to wait over night
Before much relief they can find
But the morning light is sure to be bright
As it dawns on the Critics' mind,

And now do not smile and think me in jest
When I say that a small bouquet

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND
THEE

I.

When other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crown'd thee,
More fresh and green than mine ;
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which, while it beats, beats only
Beloved one, for thee.

II.

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains :
I would not live without thee
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's troubled sea,
And, whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

New-York, Jan. 12, 1841.

G. P. M.

The bill to incorporate the American Statistical Association, came up concurred, with an amendment which was adopted.

A Remonstrance of Seth Bemis, against the petition of Charlestown Branch Railroad, was committed to the Com. on Railways and Canals.

Mr. Washburn presented 5th Annual Report of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad.

A Resolve from the House concerning the Agricultural Survey of the Commonwealth, was committed to Messrs. Parker, H. Howard and Williams.

A Resolve from the House, authorising the Treasurer to borrow money, was committed to Messrs.earing, Allen and Perkins.

A bill was reported to incorporate the Mass. Sabbath School Society, made the order of the day for tomorrow.

The Orders of the day were taken up, and the consideration of the report on the petition of sundry Marshpee Indians—being the unfinished business of Saturday—was resumed.

The motion for printing made by Mr. Hubbard on Saturday was withdrawn. Mr. Whitmarsh then moved that the Report be indefinitely postponed, and this motion was rejected. The Report was then accepted, and sent down for concurrence. The Report is that notice be given of the petition of Mr. Fish, (to be reinstated in his meetinghouse) to the Marshpees that those who are opposed to it may take what steps they proper.

With a short note to a Critic addressed,
Will drive all his cares away.

Ladies! whenever a Critic you see
In a critical condition,

Just give him the once, & quickly will he
Call the fair giver Physician.

Then cheer the ladies of the old Bay State,
Both President and Critics call,
Shouting first for those who seal our fate
And ending with a shout for all.

C. B. F.

She finds me
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The Quaker Widow. (Whittier.)

1.

She finds me in the garden, Hannah. — come in! 'Tis kind of thee
To wait, until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me,
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

2.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows fly;
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

3.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers: most men
Think such things foolishness — but we were first acquainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

4.

He was but seventy-five: I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett grave-yard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met,
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
Picked out, to bear the heavy cross — alone in age — than he.

5.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And, as we bring from Meeting-time, a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days that come.

6.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin - she knew what best to say.

7.

Then she was still: they sat a while; at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

8.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her cross'd.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hirling priest
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a happy one, at least.

9.

Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress, when she's as old as I -
Would thee believe it, Hannah! once I felt temptation nigh!
My wedding gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste:
I wanted lace, around the neck, and a ribbon, at the waist.

10.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt, more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

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11.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thou knows the feeling, Hannah - thou too hast been a wife.

12.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind -
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

13.

I see, as plain as thou sits there, the wedding dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both - 'twas she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin - and now they're gone, all three!

14.

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fills them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

15.

Eusebius never came to farm - 'twas not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thill say her ways are not like mine - young people nowadays
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

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16.

But Ruth is still a friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

17.

I once heard Jesse Hisey say, a spirit, clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

18.

Thou mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

the simple tongue,
as young;
of late,
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DO THEY MISS ME?

We find the following lines by an Emigrant,
in the Stockton (California) Journal:—

Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me?

'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know at this moment some loved one
Was saying, "I wish he was here!"

To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam!

Oh yes! 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season

That ever was sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,

And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music,
That's missed when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they place me a chair at the table,

When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
And the lamps are lit in the parlor,
And stars in the calm azure sky?

And when the "Good Nights" are repeated,
And each lays him down to sleep,

Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "Good Night" o'er the deep?

Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me

At morning, at noon, and at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade 'round them,
That only my presence can light?

Are joys less invitingly welcomed,
Are pleasures less hailed than before,

Because one is missed from the circle?
Because I am with them no more?

Allen Gibbs & Son.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CHEAP BLIND ESTABLISHMENT,
Commercial Street, Lynn, Mass.



THE Proprietor of this establishment would respectfully announce to the citizens of Nantucket, that he is prepared to furnish, and forward in the most finished manner, every description of Blinds, of the most modern styles, and approved fixtures. Orders taken for every style of Blinds, and promptly attended to.

Price per window, *board, and painted,*

7 by 9, and 8 by 10,	\$2.00
9 by 12, and 9 by 13,	2.25
10 by 14, and 10 by 15,	2.50
11 by 16, and 11 by 18,	3.00

jan 31

Hay For Sale.

A ABOUT 3 tons English and Salt Hay, for sale
 by **JAMES BAKER.** jan 15—1f

WASHING
 MADE EASY AND PLEASANT, BY THE
 USE OF
Boston Chemical Washing
POWDER.





BREVITIES.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.

Guard well thy lips; none, none can know

What evils from the tongue may flow;

What guilt, what grief may be incurred

By one incautious, hasty word.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of her son; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity; to God, obedience.

He who learns, and makes no use of his learning, is a beast of burden with a load of books hitched to him.

"Time is money." Of course it is, or else how could you spend it?

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

The skeptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himself unable to continue, "and, like an Olympic boxer, generally fights best when undermost."

An old author quaintly remarks, "Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarn among *silks* and *satins* a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

"Ah, you don't know what muthical enthutiathm ith!" said a music-mad miss to Tom Hood. "Excuse me, madam," replied the wit, "but I do: musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup; for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' head in proportion."

THE BREVITIES DEPARTMENT. We find the

Dollars, dated September 5th, 1853, payable in three years from the date thereof, with interest semi-annually, and signed by Francis S. Cromwell—the same being secured by a mortgage deed of a Dwelling House and Land situated in South Malden, being recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Lib. 665, fol. 63, to which reference is made for a more particular description of the premises. Said Note and Mortgage having been assigned and lodged with the subscriber as collateral, to secure the payment of a Note of \$1200, given to him by George W. Gerrish, which note of \$1200 having become due and said Gerrish having failed and neglected to pay the same, the subscriber will sell without reserve, to the highest bidder, the said \$1500 Note and Mortgage as aforesaid, to satisfy his \$1200 note against said Gerrish.

dec 13

1st 19

SIMEON TUCKER.

BY G. BECK.

[Office No. 34 & 36 Federal street.]

Mortgagee's Sale—Tools and Fixtures of a Bookbinder.

TO-MORROW, December 15, at 10 o'clock, in 4th story of Building No. 2 Spring Lane,

Consisting of a complete set of Forwarding and Finishing Tools—1 large Patent Screw Press and Fixtures—one of Mallory's Patent Paper Cutters, cost \$250—1 Stabbing Machine—Beating Block—Grindstone—1 Cylinder Stove and Pipe—1 Clock—Benches, Stools, &c.

The above have been in use but a short time, and are worthy the attention of bookbinders.

Per order of Mortgagee.

1st 15

dec 12

BY KIMBALL & ROBINSON.

[Store 55 Hanover street, opposite the American House.]

WM. C. MURDOCK.....AUCTIONEER.

Assignees' Sale—Stock of Reed & Tuttle.

On TUESDAY, 19th instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the store of Atherton, Stetson & Co., 34 Pearl street.

15,000 pairs of Patent Rubber Over Shoes; consisting of several manufactures, viz: Ford & Co., New Brunswick Company, Hayward Rubber Company, Candee & Co., and others. The goods are of the first quality, and in order, comprising Men's, Women's, Misses and Children's, of all variety of patterns. Also, Men and Boys' Cow Hide and Kip Boots; Women's Snow Shoes and Clogs; with variety of other winter goods.

Conditions: under \$100, cash; over that sum a credit may be had by adding interest.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with
sighs;

'Tis bound by a thousand bonds to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to hush my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were
gray;

And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died:
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear,
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

THE STRANGER'S RETREAT.

An institution recently established by the N. E. F. M. R. Society, is located- Columbia street, No. 6. The special object of this Institution is the temporary accommodation of females resorting to the city for employment. Ladies coming here on business may also be accommodated on reasonable terms.

THE TEMPORARY HOME.

Is located Tyler St., No. 98. The object of this long established and well known Institution, is the reformation of those who have wandered from the paths of rectitude.

Friends from the country and strangers in the city and elsewhere, who may call at either of these establishments, will be kindly and politely received

Intelligence Office for Female Domestic

Such are the impositions often practised upon inexperienced girls, coming from the country for service in families, that the Executive Committee of the N. E. F. M. R. Society have judged it expedient to open an Office, to which females may confidently apply for direction, and heads of families for assistants.

The office is at No. 13 Bedford street, a few doors from Washington street.

By order of the Executive Committee.

Boston, January 1, 1847.

THE FRIEND OF VIRTUE.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY THE NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MORAL REFORM SOCIETY

Devoted to the cause of Moral Purity, namely by holding out the light of Divine Truth on the subject, by aiding in the right training of children and youth, exposing the prevalence of vice, and the wiles of the Destroyer, by treating the libertine with merited contempt, extending the hand of sympathy and kindness to the friendless, homeless, unprotected female, by reclaiming the wanderers, and respectfully soliciting our law-makers to defend our sacred rights, our most endearing social privileges.

Letters, and whatever relates to the pecuniary concerns of the paper, should be addressed to

